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You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow Chapter 281 - 283

After Matthew carried Damian into the car, Clarissa got in after them.

That day, Kyle, the chauffeur, met Damian for the very first time.

Yet, there was nothing awkward about it since Damian was the type of child who looked cute to outsiders.

Moreover, Damian had called him "Mister" very cutely, causing Kyle to almost lose focus while driving.

Before getting into the car, Clarissa had noticed that it was not Matthew's usual car. Instead, it was an MPV that was more suitable for their family and the nanny to ride along in.

She was not surprised about it, since he had already considered and planned everything in detail previously.

She then turned to look at Damian. He was sitting on the child car seat as he looked at his father, whom he had not seen in a long time. Just a while ago, he had called him "Daddy" without a hint of unfamiliarity. However, he was looking curiously at his father then.

He stared at Matthew, who had turned behind to look at him. Meanwhile, Matthew did not respond and simply let him do so.

After watching him for a long time, Damian suddenly asked, "Daddy, why do you want to look at me?"

"If you're not looking at me, how do you know I'm looking at you?"

Unexpectedly, the question was turned back to him. However, he was a smart boy. If he did not understand something, he would just change the topic.

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“Daddy, is this D City?”

Ever since Matthew saw both the mother and his son, the smile had not left his face. He looked as if he was satisfied with everything in the world and had a fulfilling life.

The smile was always there even while he answered his son’s questions in a gentle tone.

He was a significant figure in the business world but had become a gentle, soft man in front of his son. Although he looked like a strict father, it was all just an illusion.

At that moment, Matthew still had a smile on him as he answered his son’s various questions.

In the meantime, Clarissa called Catherine to report their safe landing. Even though she did not mention Matthew during the call, Catherine would still know.

It was tacit knowledge.

As soon as she hung up, she heard Damian say, “Daddy, Mommy said you would buy many toys for me. Just as many as I have back in W City.”

Yet, before Matthew could even agree, Clarissa crushed her son’s dreams.

“When did I say that? I only said I’d buy you toys, not that I’d buy you as many as you have in W City. Damian Quigley, don’t change my words.”

He then smiled cutely and asked, “Mommy, what does that mean?”

Rolling her eyes at him, she squeezed his soft cheeks. “Damian, stop acting cute! Also, don’t give me that crap. I’m talking about your toys. You can have them, but not too many. Do you understand?”

Pretending not to understand, he smiled at her.

There were only two situations in which Damian showed such a smile—either he was pretending that he did not understand anything or after knowing that he had caused some trouble.

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Knowing that side of him too well, she then looked over at Matthew, her gaze seemingly saying, "Look at your son. He's so sneaky."

However, Matthew was, in fact, feeling rather proud. Consequently, Clarissa could not help but feel helpless looking at his prideful and joyful gaze.

Nevertheless, he had not interacted with Damian for a long time. Thus, she wanted to see if he would still look at his son so proudly sometime later.

Soon, they reached Zen Highlands. Once he got off the car, Damian began to put on his exaggerated performance.

"Wow... Daddy's house is so big... Mommy, I really like this place..."

Clarissa rolled her eyes at that. He was clearly taking it as a performance.

On the other hand, Matthew was happy. He picked his son up and said, "This isn't Daddy's house. It's Daddy's, Mommy's, and Damian's. It's our home."

"Really? Our home?" he said with widened eyes. The innocence and surprise he exuded was a pleasant sight to see.

After entering the house and greeting the maid, he then started his surprised exclamations again.

"Wow... I really like it here. The color is so pretty..."

When he noticed his new toys, he exclaimed, "Wow! Thank you for buying me toys, Daddy. Are all these for me? I really, really like it..."

"You're really great, Daddy! I really love you..."

Despite his exaggerated words, everyone was still delighted to hear him speak, for his words were glorified by his smiley eyes and the fact that he was speaking so enthusiastically.

Ultimately, children were more expressive, so Damian was no exception.

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Clarissa could not be bothered with her child's actions to show his excitement, Clarissa tidied his room and his many toys before calling her office to inform them that she had returned to D City.

After that, she helped Julia prepare some food. Although Julia had already prepared a meal that children would enjoy, Clarissa knew her son's preferences.

Thus, she made him his favorite dish, pasta with minced beef.

Most of the time, Damian liked to eat meat but rarely would eat vegetables. Resultantly, Clarissa had attempted a variety of methods to prepare foods so that he would eat more vegetables.

As Julia helped her, she said with a smile, "Mrs. Tyson, when you were here previously, you rarely cooked and even said that you were lazy."

Clarissa smiled and replied, "Yeah, only after having a child did I realize that I was basically forced to be diligent. I had to do it. If I didn't do it well, then he wouldn't eat and I would feel upset."

"That's why they say that being a mother isn't easy."

Just then, Damian ran in and hugged Clarissa. "Mommy, did you make something delicious for me? I'm so hungry! I can eat a lot now!"

Looking toward the door, she asked, "You're done playing?"

With his messy hair, Matthew was leaning against the kitchen door at that moment. He was still wearing the same shirt and pants, but his pants had become wrinkled, and his shirt was stained. Despite that, there was a satisfied and carefree vibe to him. The cold stiffness on his face was gone, and his gaze had softened too.

"Yeah, we're both really sweaty now. I wanted to carry him to take a shower, but he didn't let me."

Clarissa smiled and looked down at her giggling son, then said bluntly, "This kid hates bathing the most."

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Matthew raised his eyebrows, but Damian denied it. "No, Mommy's wrong. It's not like that."

"Go take a shower with Daddy then."

Feeling a little shy, he cupped his cheeks and asked, "Take a shower with Daddy?"

Clarissa nodded, then washed and wiped her hands dry before squatting to pat her son on his head. Sure enough, his hair was full of sweat.

"Go and shower with Daddy, Darling. You're both boys, and he's strong enough to carry you. Daddy will bathe you from now on, okay?"

Damian cocked his head at Matthew, then stretched his arm out and smiled.

"Daddy, carry me..."

Immediately, Matthew walked over and picked his son up, then headed for the bathroom.

All settled!

Clarissa always had to think of various ideas to get her son to take a shower. Furthermore, once he finally got in the bath, he would be reluctant to stop afterward. Essentially, getting him to take a bath was the most tiring thing she had ever done.

Now that she had completely handed the job over to Matthew, she would not have to deal with such a thing anymore.

Sometime later, both father and son came out of the bath with messy hair. There was a large bath towel around Matthew's waist, while Damian was wrapped in a small one.

Clarissa had already prepared clothes for them, but the pair were still laughing as they played around. Eventually, they got dressed and went downstairs to eat.

Perhaps they were too excited and had played too hard because Damian ate quite a lot that day. She did not even have to force him to eat as she usually did. His mouth was soon dirtied by the food.

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After the meal, Clarissa and Matthew each sat on one end of the sofa in the living room, while Damian sat in the middle, constantly asking questions.

“Mommy, there’s a big pool in our house. It’s really, really big. Daddy said that he will teach me how to swim...”

Sometime later, he continued, “Mommy, can I drive a big car and play in the yard? I mean the one that’s even bigger than Jackie’s car.”

“Daddy, can you play with me every day?”

“Mommy, when will I grow up?”

“Mommy, will my peepee grow bigger and look as ugly as Daddy’s?”

There was silence after that question.

How on earth do I answer this question?

Although Clarissa felt very embarrassed, she also could not stop but laugh at how funny the question was.

Looking at his mother, Damian did not understand why she was laughing so hard but laughed along anyway.

She then shot Matthew a look. “It’s your son’s question. You solve it. It’s a guy’s issue.”

Laughing, Matthew pulled Damian onto his lap and prepared to answer his question seriously.

Looking at the scene, Clarissa broke into a smile. In reality, she usually educated her son about such matters. However, she felt embarrassed hearing Matthew’s explanation at that moment and hurriedly left.

She knew that a lot of kids were violated nowadays. Therefore, she placed importance on such education and paid great attention to it.

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However, she had never spoken as directly as Matthew did.

Yet, after considering everything, she concluded that it was better for Damian's father to educate him on that.

When she returned a while later, they were already sitting on the carpet and playing with something else.

Clarissa sat down and watched her son, who was climbing over his father again and again. However, Matthew seemed to be having no difficulty keeping up with such a tough game.

She could not help but sigh internally as she watched the scene.

In the end, it's definitely better or perfect to have a father around. Luckily, it isn't too late.

Subsequently, she moved closer to the pair, and the family of three began to play together. The sounds of cheerful waves of laughter rang throughout Zen Highlands that day.

You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow

Chapter 282

With the arrival of his son, Matthew resented that he was not able to spend much time having fun with him.

However, he also had a job. He couldn't just drop everything without a care and just stay at home.

If not for Clarissa's vehement refusal, Matthew would have really brought Damian to work with him.

That day, Matthew had been dawdling. He had already eaten breakfast but was still reluctant to leave for work.

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Matthew was waiting for Damian to wake up. He greeted the boy, hugged him, and played with him for a while before leaving.

This was also why Clarissa was urging him to leave.

“Goodness, do you know how long Donnie has been waiting for you? You said it would only take a while, but it’s been half an hour!”

As Clarissa was nagging at him from the sidelines, Matthew was still feeding Damian. His meticulousness made Clarissa a little jealous.

“Matthew, didn’t you hear what I said? Why aren’t you leaving?”

Clarissa tutted, seemingly irritated.

Matthew raised an eyebrow and glanced at her. He put down the cutlery, patted his son’s head, and walked over to Clarissa. Matthew snaked an arm around her waist and pulled her close into his embrace.

He angled his head and brushed his lips over her mouth, but Clarissa tried to push him away. She struggled a little before Matthew finally let her go.

He furrowed his brows, but Clarissa prodded his chest hard, motioning him to look the other way.

The pair turned around to look at Damian, who was staring at them with his mouth smeared full of ketchup. The kiss had caught his eye. His eyes bore a strong resemblance to that of Clarissa’s, which exuded an innocent air. He looked at them curiously, but there was also a hint of shame.

Matthew was the first to recover from his surprise.

Indifferently, he placed his arms around Clarissa before turning to look at his son. “Damian, your parents have a good relationship. Daddy loves Mommy, and Mommy loves Daddy too!”

Damian struggled to climb off his chair, then ran over to them.

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Matthew reached down to pick him up since Damian ran straight towards them.

Both their faces were stained with ketchup, and Clarissa couldn't help but burst into laughter. She looked at Matthew enquiringly, but he did not seem to mind.

Damian's voice sounded cheerful when he responded. "Damian loves Mommy and Daddy too!"

"Alright, I know you love us. But let's go back to the table, darling. Daddy has to go to work. You must let daddy earn money so he can buy you more gifts, okay?"

Damian was set down again. After hearing his mother's words, he then waved at Matthew.

"Daddy, you can go to work now. Make money and buy gifts for me!"

Matthew grinned and shook his head with a smirk. Reluctantly, he left.

After Matthew left, Clarissa pouted and muttered, "I have never seen you this reluctant before."

"Mommy?"

Damian did not catch what his mother said.

Clarissa picked up some tissue and wiped his mouth clean. "I said that Daddy really loves you. Do you love Daddy too?"

Damian nodded enthusiastically.

"What was that? You love Daddy more than me?"

Damien pondered over this for a moment, as if he were carefully weighing out the gravity of his answer.

His hesitation made Clarissa a little unhappy.

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She playfully pinched her son's ear and giggled. "Well, you're so mean! Didn't you say that you love me the most?"

"Mommy, I love you the most! I love you so so so so so much! More than my toys!"

Damian's assertion seemed to satisfy Clarissa.

Mostly because she knew that he loved his toys so much.

Clarissa smiled and kissed the top of his head. "Alright, eat up."

Damian smiled very flatteringly before busying himself with his food.

Clarissa did not bring her son along with her but instead left him in Zen Highlands. He could then explore the grounds on his own for a while.

Although Damian was a bit sad and started crying at Clarissa's departure, he was easily coaxed with chocolates and a new toy. He then waved at Clarissa."

"You can go off to work, Mommy. I'll be a good boy and wait for you to come home."

Seeing how her son reacted, Clarissa was worried that someone could easily kidnap him by luring him with toys and food.

It took a while before Clarissa arrived at the studio. When she reached, she brought Mandy along and went through her usual day's work at the media company. Plenty of discussions were had on the script and its scenes. At the end of the meeting, she was asked to decide on the cast.

"In terms of the cast, I trust in the decisions you have made. You've always selected some decent actors. As long as you think they are the right fit, feel free. I don't have an opinion on this."

"Well, Mr. Yates and I think that since you're the creator of the story, there would be some differences in how you'd want to approach it. I think your opinion will add weight and a few surprises to the production."

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Clarissa may have been the creator, but she truly did not have much of an opinion. It had to do with how busy she was taking care of her son of late.

Clarissa seemed somewhat embarrassed, but Conrad stepped in. "Of course. But if you have the time, I think you should also just take a look. If you're too busy, it's fine too. We'll not force you. Some of the actors could use a few pointers, though."

"Alright, thank you, Conrad, Mr. Yates. I'll take my leave."

"Ah, it's no rush! Since we're done with work, we should also have a meal together. There are two actors we have in mind. If all goes well, we're casting them as the lead actors. Why don't you tag along and get to know them a little? They already know of someone as famous as you are, but they've not had the opportunity to meet you yet. This would be a perfect chance for them. Besides, you'd have to meet them eventually, so it would be ideal if you were friendly to each other."

Clarissa also knew that this was necessary.

Getting to know the cast first was ideal. It would be better than the whole fiasco involving Shermaine in the first drama, who ruined the show before it was released, after all.

Clarissa nodded in agreement. "Very well. I'm going to make a call first and notify the family."

Conrad smiled and asked, "Aren't you from W City, Ms. Quigley? Is your family not there?"

"Yes, my family lives there, but I brought my son here. I'm still a little anxious."

"Your son?"

Maddox and the other producers were shocked. They did not know what to say.

Clarissa had no choice but to explain herself. "Yes, my son. Sorry, but I really need to make this call."

Conrad and Maddox looked at each other, visibly surprised by the news they just heard. They also seemed to have other thoughts on the matter.

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Rumors were circulating about Clarissa. Although, scandals would have been a more apt term when describing the nature of the gossip. They were curious about whether or not she was involved with Robert Johnson.

As such, they never expected Clarissa had a child of her own.

Were the rumors fake after all?

The pair seemed to be thinking the same thing and exchanged a glance. Although they knew about secrets that other people were unaware of, it was not useful information to them.

After all, they were not the type of people to sell secrets and gossip. They were all friends here, and this had nothing to do with them whatsoever.

Soon after, Clarissa turned around and beamed at them both.

“Alright, we can go. However, I might have to be back early, or my kid will be upset.”

“Got it. It’s just a meal, and there’s nothing else planned.”

After the bunch of them left the company, they were surprised at how cold it was. Snowflakes drifted about the air amidst a backdrop of flickering neon lights.

Being in a major city, the most difficult thing to deal with was the heavy traffic.

Clarissa looked out of the car window, observing the falling snow. Her thoughts drifted to how unhappy Damian sounded earlier, knowing that neither chocolates nor toys would be able to pacify him anymore.

Just then, Clarissa felt a pang of guilt.

When I leave for work, does he feel sad? He does cry so piteously whenever I go and is reluctant to let me leave. I always have to make up excuses or leave in secret so that he doesn’t notice.

Come to think of it, doesn’t his heart break every time I leave?

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The heart of a child desired nothing more than his parents. Neglecting a child was just irresponsible parenting at best.

Fortunately, Matthew would be going home first to keep their son company.

When she arrived at the restaurant, Clarissa entered a private lounge. The three of them first sat down and chatted amongst themselves. A while later, two groups of people walked in.

Clarissa glanced over and was introduced to the two A-list celebrities. One was Leonard, a mature and attractive actor who became popular because of a period drama. The other was another popular actress named Skyler.

Clarissa knew of them but had yet to be properly acquainted. Having met them now, she found that they were quite friendly.

They both had a clean rap sheet, were not involved in any scandals, and seemed to be serious about their craft. Clarissa reckoned that she would get along with them just fine.

As the conversation went on, Clarissa thought that they seemed like decent individuals.

Leonard spoke very little, being a married man with children of his own. He looked and seemed like a sensible person. Skyler was also a little shy initially due to how they were strangers. After a while, however, she even managed to engage in a hefty conversation which Clarissa gladly participated in. It could have been the fact that they were both women and thus had more in common to discuss. However, Skyler was still much younger, and there was a generational gap in how they both communicated. Still, she found Skyler interesting.

Halfway through the meal, Clarissa's phone rang.

Clarissa hurriedly answered the call as she walked outside. Before Matthew could get a word in, Damian started speaking.

"Mommy! Daddy and I are here to take you home. I miss you!"

Given how loud his voice was, everyone in the lounge could not help but look at her.

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You'll Fall for Me, Today or Tomorrow Chapter 284

D City finally woke up to a pleasant morning after a few consecutive days of chilliness. Clarissa woke up and looked out of the window, delighted by what came into view. The exceptionally clear blue sky indicated that it would be a day of fine weather. It was really a perfect day to plan for an outing. Almost instantly, she made up her mind to grab the golden opportunity and take Damian out.

There were many places of interest in D City. Clarissa took some time to browse through the reviews on recommended destinations online with her phone and shortlisted a few places that they could visit. After packing some necessary items for their outing, she proceeded to wake her son up.

People tended to be idle and sleep more during winter. Damian was not an exception. When Clarissa patted him lightly on the back to wake him up, he turned to his side and mumbled reluctantly. Even though he looked adorable like a hibernating baby bear, she had to wake him up from his dreamland.

Clarissa knew the most efficient way to wake her son up. She leaned closer to him and whispered into his ear, "Darling... sleepyhead, wake up now. Do you want a yummy donut? I have bought a big one for you."

Miraculously, Damian moved and sat up in an instant. Even though his eyes were still closed, he started to mumble, "Donut! I want to eat the yummy donut!"

Pfft! Clarissa could not help but feel amused and chuckled.

She quickly took out her phone and set it to video mode to capture his funny moment. My goodness! What a little glutton! He's even licking his lips in his dream! The next moment, she burst into laughter.

Upon hearing Clarissa's laughter, Damian finally opened his eyes. Rubbing his groggy eyes, his mind was fully occupied by the delicious donut!

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“Donut! Donut! I’m coming!” he yelled excitedly and was about to climb out of the bed.

Clarissa immediately put aside her phone and pulled him into her arms. “You’ve woken up, right? Come, let’s wash up before you eat your donut.”

He turned to wrap his arms around her and called her coquettishly. Stroking his fine hair lovingly, her heart was warmed by his sweet voice.

After a quick wash-up, Clarissa and Damian went down for breakfast. Damian was given a donut as promised earlier by her. After savoring his favorite donut, he went up again obediently to brush his teeth and dressed up before they stepped out.

Matthew did not allow Clarissa to bring Damian out just by herself. Other than the driver, he advised her to bring along Julia and another nanny who was specially hired to look after Damian. For Clarissa, he might be a bit overprotective of Damian.

Nevertheless, she could not reject as he insisted to do so in order to secure their safety. As a loving father, it was just natural for him to cater to his beloved son’s wellbeing by all means. Thus, Clarissa understood that she had no right to go against his will.

Their first destination was the museum in D City. Once they stepped into the museum, Damian was mesmerized by the massive dinosaur skeleton displayed in the center of the hall. His eyes glistened with excitement as it was his very first close encounter with the skeleton of the mysterious prehistoric animal. His curiosity was piqued when he looked at the ancient artifacts of the prehistoric stone age, and Clarissa briefed him on the history of human development.

Later, his eyes lit up again when his mother pointed out to him that the world consisted of different regions as shown on a giant globe. It was sort of a unique educational trip which had enlightened Damian and spurred his interest to explore the amazing world.

As a mother, Clarissa wished that her son would gradually grow up and become more mature through self-development. At the same time, she hoped that he would continue to have an ongoing passion for the unlimited exploration and discovery in the world which was full of uncertainties.

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At noon, they headed for lunch at a popular restaurant nearby. Clarissa ordered a few types of food as recommended by the waiter. She did not leave out Damian's favorite fried chicken.

Damian applauded the moment his fried chicken was served. He munched the drumstick, licked his thumbs, and kept complimenting, "Mommy, this fried chicken is really finger-lickin' good!" Clarissa shook her head and was speechless at his humorous way of enjoying his fried chicken.

Look at this drama king, who is a typical food lover! He can really exaggerate when it comes to food! He can actually help to advertise for the restaurant! She took the video of Damian enjoying his fried chicken and sent it to Matthew at once.

Other than the fried chicken, Damian tried other types of food eagerly as well. After a while, he was already full and let out a burp. While waiting for the others to finish their meal, he took a small piece of brownie and started toying with it.

Clarissa knitted her brows and advised him patiently, "Damian, I have told you before that food is not a toy, right? You're not supposed to waste the brownie by treating it as your toy. Just finish it first!"

Damian put on a fawning smile and handed Clarissa the small piece of brownie which was already a bit out of shape.

"Mommy, I give it to you!"

"You naughty boy, I won't help you to finish it. Since you're the one who took it, you have to swallow it. If not, bring this home and you will have it as your dinner tonight!" Clarissa put on a stern look and warned him.

Upon hearing her words, Damian pouted his lips in displeasure and put the small piece of brownie directly in her plate. After that, he got off from his dining chair and started to trot around the dining table.

Ah! The little glutton is done with his meal. It's finally my turn to enjoy my meal now! Since Julia and the nanny could help to keep an eye on Damian, Clarissa just let him move around

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freely. She had not really taken any mouthful of the food as she was busy serving Damian a while ago. Thus, she quickly grabbed the chance to fill her stomach first.

A while later, Damian started to feel bored in the private room and dashed out. Both Julia and the nanny ran out hastily to catch up with him. Clarissa glanced at them and continued eating.

Her phone buzzed abruptly. It was a call from Matthew.

"We're having a meal now, and almost done. We'll be back in a while, so you don't have to come. Do you want to talk to your mischievous son? He had just run out of the room a while ago. Don't worry, Mrs. Lawson and the nanny are following him closely. He won't get lost..."

Matthew was actually thinking of having a video call with Damian. As Damian was not with her at the moment, he requested, "Since you're already out, just bring him to my office later."

"We're not going," Clarissa blurted out and rejected without hesitation.

Sensing that she was a bit blunt by blurting out the words, she explained at once, "We have spent a few hours out today and I'm afraid Damian is tired. He will surely need a nap later. Apart from that, I'm protecting him from the humiliation that I encountered at then. I'm sure you understand how I feel. I won't let Damian experience the miserable moment that I've gone through. Matthew, I'm serious about it. If the same thing happens to our son, I would surely confront them and fight them to the end!"

There was even an unmissable firmness in Clarissa's tone, which implied that she was serious with her words. As a mother, she would not let anyone inflict any harm on her child.

No doubt Matthew was the love of her life, yet Damian would always be her top priority. Moreover, he was still young. She would not think twice to sacrifice anything in order to protect him.

Matthew remained silent momentarily and consoled Clarissa, "Clare, I understand how you feel. Don't worry, I will ensure that it won't happen again. I won't let anyone hurt you and our son."

Clarissa held her phone and did not say anything.

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Matthew heaved a sigh and added gently, "Alright, you go back for a rest with Damian first. After you reach home, just give me a call any time before he has his nap."

"Alright, I get it. It's only half-day, yet you are already missing him. If I'm not mistaken, you had never missed me like how you miss him now." There was unmistakable jealousy in her tone.

In an instant, Matthew's low and charismatic chuckle could be heard from the other end of the line. It was as if he was tickling her sensitive ear with a feather.

"Clare, it sounds like you're jealous of our son!"

"Pfft! Fortunately, our child is a son. If we had a daughter, you would surely forget about me as your mind would be fully occupied by her."

"Of course I won't!" He smiled and emphasized, "It doesn't matter if we have a son or daughter. You will be my top priority forever. You're the one who brings them to this world. Anyway, are you willing to have another daughter? If you are willing, I will surely put more effort into achieving it."

"It's too early to talk about that now. Damian is still young." Clarissa blushed, but his words seemed to trigger her in a way. If we have another child, I'll really want a girl.

Matthew teased her, "Alright, not in a rush. We can put in the effort first and think about it at the same time."

"Enough of that. I'm almost done with my lunch and will head home after this. Talk to you again later," she hung up at once.

When she was about to get up and look for her son, the nanny rushed into the room and yelled incoherently, "Mrs. Tyson, can you go and have a look..."

Before she could finish her words, Clarissa's face turned pale at once. She darted out of the room like a bolt of lightning.

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The moment she was out of the room, she saw Mrs. Lawson holding Damian in her arms. Nevertheless, Damian looked a little pale and he was staring off into space. Meanwhile, the driver, Nick, was blocking in front of them, as if he was arguing with someone.

A middle-aged woman who was dressed in luxury clothes and jewelry was rebuking them with harsh words.

Oblivious to the woman's strident words, Clarissa rushed toward Julia and took Damian from her immediately to check on his condition.

"Damian, are you alright?" she asked anxiously.

Julia replied at once, "Mrs. Tyson, he's fine. He was just scared."

Clarissa was relieved to know that Damian was fine. She embraced him tightly and patted gently on his back to coax him.

Her gentleness and comforting words had calm Damian down. After a while, he finally let out of his emotions and burst into tears. Julia's heart ached at the sight of tears that rolled down his cheeks.

Clarissa continued to comfort him, "Damian, don't cry. I'm here. Don't be afraid."

"Mommy...I'm scared." Damian sobbed.

"Damian, don't be afraid. You're a brave boy and there's nothing to be feared of."

"Mommy..." Damian was apparently trying his best to take Clarissa's advice. Twitching his lips, he tried to restrain himself from sobbing.

The woman was still chiding non-stop after knowing that Clarissa was Damian's mother. Pointing straight at Clarissa, she mocked, "Stop pretending that you don't know anything! Your son is really a troublemaker. It must be due to your negligence in educating him! Just admit that he has no manners! Stop giving excuses by saying that he is still young..."

Probably intimidated by Clarissa's nonchalance, she was at least not cussing, although she was still lambasting her.

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Turning a deaf ear to the woman's criticism, Clarissa coaxed her son in her embrace and asked Julia about what had happened a while ago after Damian ran out of the room.

According to Julia, she reminded Damian not to run around or he might knock into the waiters and caused their inconveniences. On the other hand, Damian was being cooperative by taking her advice. Tucking both his hands into the pockets, he looked around inquisitively as he walked slowly, not forgetting to greet anyone who walked past him with a smile. Everyone was impressed by his pair of big round eyes and courtesy.

Later, a boy, who was playing with his toy car caught Damian's eye. Since he was a typical car lover, he could not resist shifting his gaze away from the boy's toy car. Thus, he stood aside and drooled over it quietly.

Both Mrs. Lawson and the nanny just stood aside and watched silently. Clarissa had told them that it was fine to let Damian have freedom under normal circumstances unless they spotted anything awry.

Nonetheless, the hot-tempered boy was displeased with Damian for gazing at his toy car. He glared at Damian and hissed, "What are you looking at? This is my car! If you look at it again, I won't let you off easily!"

Meanwhile, the boy's parents were engaged in their conversation and did not even spare them any glance.

Damian smiled as he told the boy, "Hi, I also have this toy car. I just look at it, and I won't disturb you."

Damian was telling the truth. He owned a lot of toys at home, and he was just merely taking a look at the boy's toy car.

Upon hearing Damian's words, the arrogant boy grimaced and stomped. The next moment, he dashed toward Damian and pushed him hard, causing him to slump on the floor.

Julia moved forward at once to help Damian up with the nanny. She frowned at the boy's parents and asked in great displeasure, "Have you seen what your son has done? How can he push someone like that?"

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Before the couple could say anything, the boy threw tantrum and shrieked, "Mommy, Daddy, they bully me! He wants to snatch my toy car!"

The couple, who were protective of their son, just grimaced and bombarded them with harsh words blindly. They were apparently unreasonable parents who had spoiled their son. Instead of pacifying their domineering son, they made a big fuss out of such a petty matter. As a result, Damian was scared stiff because of the sudden commotion.

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